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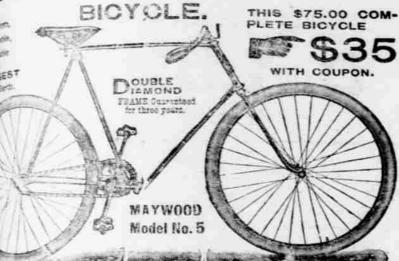
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RIDING SADDLES and PLY NETS.

ghost, Mr. Raymond," he returned, apologetically. "But, you see, when a cove is looking to see a ghost, he's pretty certain to take the first live thing his No. 5 Maywood eyes fall on for what he's looking for." "Then you were expecting to see ...Bicycle... omething of the supernatural kind?"

"That's a fact, Mr. Raymond, though tain't often a cove is believed when he tells such a story. There's a ghost on this old hulk, or else I'm losing my eyesight." "And you really believe in such non-

GHOST OF THE "PENGUIN."

BY WILL LISENBEE.

had laid at anchor in the little harbor

at Bastia. She was a small schooner, a

weather-beaten, lubberly craft, with

her yards splintered and one of her

masts broken, yet she looked strongly

picturesque, standing with bare poles

against the flaming susset sky, as I

allowed my little boat to drift before

Aboard the craft there were no signs

of life visible, and I knew that Mug-

gins must be ashore, filling himself

with rum, as was his custom when

My old friend, the captain, had been

beating about the Mediterranean with

his lubberly schooner for half a score

of years, and so he might still have been

engaged, but for the arrival of a letter

at Bastia telling him of a newly-in-

herited fortune left him by an uncle

But upon receipt of the goods new he

was off at once, leaving his disabled

schooner in charge of Muggins, an old

sailor who was more honest than seber.

Penguin I perceived a rope trailing

over the port side, and, making my lit-

tle craft fast, I drew myself upon deck.

visible. It was evident that I was the

only soul aboard the Penguin.

voice stopped him.

not been realized.

me a ghost?" Lasked.

I looked about me, but no one was

I threw myself on a camp-stool in the

shadow of the sail and fell to regard-

ing the range of dark hills that rose

back of the romantic little city. Pres-

ently I was interrpted by the sound of

oars, and a few moments later Mug-

gins' tawny head appeared over the rail.

He started when he saw me, and was

about to beat a hasty retreat when my

"Bless me, I thought you were a

ghost, I did, by the powers!" he said,

seeming well pleased that his fears had

"Well, now, what the deuce is there

about me, Muggins, to make you think

"Oh, it isn't that you look like a

As my boat drifted alongside the

who had been living in Florence.

the gentle breeze.

Capt. Darke was absent.

sense?"

"I believe what I sees, that's all." "What did you see?"

"Well, since you ask, I don't mind telling you. You see, since Capt. Darke went away and the crew was discharged, the Penguin has been under my care, and I have been sleeping aboard the vessel and spending most of my time here. Last night about two o'clock I woke, thinking I heard something moving near me. I was sleeping in my cot on the deck, and as I looks about me I sees a woman, all in white, moving like a specter right by the natchway. While I was watching, it seemed to sink into the deck and disapnear. I'm not the man to run from a single night-prowler, but I falt queerlike at this, and can't see how a woman could be on the Penguin. Thinking she might have descended the companionladder, I goes down with a lantern, but firstsenothing. Then I looks all over the sl.'p with the same result. I slept no more that night, and though I look after the ship during the day, I shan't sleep here again if I know myself, call it gliest or what you will."

With this he picked up a lantern and descended to his boat that lay along-

"Then I shall spend the night here and lay your ghost for you," I said.

"You'll greatly oblige me if you will," he returned, "though I'll be blowed if I think you succeed. Good evening, Mr. Raymond. I'll drop alongside early in the morning and see how you have fared. There's the key to my cabin," he added, tossing the key upon the deck. "You'll find pipes and plenty of tobacco, and a sip of rum in a decanter. if you look close. Now again good night to you."

His oars dipped into the water, and he was gone.

Dusk was already settling over the water. I took a seat on the deck and lit eigar, and began running over in my nind some of the events that had befallen me since my arrival in Corsica.

For more than three months I had been staying in the romantic little stand, finding a restful charm in its quiet seclusion that was a pleasing contrast to the life I had been spending for the past two years in the gay capital of the restless and pleavure-loving French.

One is not likely to expect to meet with adventures of the thrilling kind in the peaceful precincts of Bastia, vet something bordering upon this had ome to my lot less than a month be-

For the amateur artist the quaint little city will furrish many subjects for the pencil and brush, and I had made good my opportunities since my arrival.

The most prized among my collection was the portrait of Veda, the little Corsican fruit-seller. There was something fascinating in her very pose, and the dark beauty of her face had drawn ne to her as if by some subtle witchery. One evening, as I was strolling through the streets, I heard a cry of mortal terror come from the court of a ruined building where several poor families had taken their abode, and entering hastily I perceived an aged woman, withered hag, with uplifted knife, in the act of striking a girl who was crouched in the corner of the wall

would-be murderess fled, leaving me face to face with year, the intended victim. She only paused a moment to press a kiss upon my hand; then she slipped through a gap in the wall and was gone.

I struck the knife aside, and the

That was the last I had seen of her. To my inquiries regarding her whereabouts I received no information, excepting a bit of her past history which told me that she had belonged to a wealthy and influential family, and

that she had received a finished education. But reverses had come; her father had fallen a victim to a dreadful vendetta, and she had finally been left a penniless orphan. For more than a week the Penguin

I was deeply interested in her, but no one could give me the slightest clew as to whither she had fled. Still I had lingered about the places

I used to see her. Was I in love with the little Corsican beauty? Her face would come before my men tal vision asleep or waking, bringing a sweet sensation I had never before experienced; and yet I tried to dismiss

her from my mind. I sat smoking for some hours upon the deck of the Penguin, watching the yellow lights dancing in the romantic little city, and drinking in the fresh, sweet air of the night that stole up

from the Mediterranean. It was about 11 o'clock when stretched myself upon the cot which Muggins had placed upon the deck. I fell asleep soon after, and dreamed of Muggins' ghost.

It seemed that some strange pres ence came to me-a woman, beautiful beyond any dream; and just as I reached out to touch her she vanished. leaving only a faint odor of some strange, sweet perfume. I awoke suddenly with that inexplicable sensation that sometimes tells us of the unseer presence of another. I sat up and looked about me in

vague bewilderment. The moon had risen out of the sea and was flooding the deck with its mellow radiance. As my mind grew note composed ! detected a subtle perfume on the night air, the same that had come to me in

Was it only the effect of my imagina tion? No: there could be no mistake as to its reality. Something white lay at my feet; I picked it up; it was a delicate piece of lace embroidered lines. and exhaled the breath of perfume that had before greeted my senses. While I stood bewildered at the amaz-

ing circumstance, I perceived a white form emerge from the hatchway and move forward, with a slow, gliding movement. I stood immovable, watching the fig-

ure as it came toward me. As it drew near, I perceived that it was a girl, and as the moonbeams fell on the pale face I recognized it as belonging to Veda Dorlos, the little fruit seller. Her eyes were wide open, and staring

vacantiy ahead in a way peculiar to the somnambulist. She was a sleepwalker! The thought came to me like a flash. Yet, what could account for her presence aboard the Penguin? Without attempting to answer the

puzzling question, I started toward the figure, but as I did so, the sound of comething like the dropping of an oar in a boat came from over the port. Then a moment later the dark figure of woman-the same I had seen making the assault on the little fruit-seller-slipped noiselessly over the rail. She paused for a moment to glance about the ship then, with a cry of rage that might have proceeded from some wild animal in deadly combat, she leaped upon the unconscious girl, the blade of a long knife glinting in the rays of the moon. Roused to action by the sight of the murderous intruder, I leaped quickly forward, and, before the knife descended to do its deadly work, caught the hand that held it.

But if I reckoned on an easy victory in subduing my adversary, I soon discovered my mistake, for the woman though aged to all appearances, seemed to possess the strength of the strongest man, and, finding herself foiled in her murderous attempt, she turned upon me with the fierceness of a panther. Coming unexpectedly as the attack did. it caught me off my guard, and before I realized my peril, the hand that held the knife was wrenched from my grasp; then there was a swift blow, a keen pain in my shoulder as the blade entered; then a mist gathered before my eyes, and I sank unconscious upon the

When my senses returned it was broad daylight, and I was lying on a cot in Muggins' cabin, the beautiful but troubled face of Veda bending over me It was about a week before I was able to get ashore, and, though I had a trained nurse from Bastia, Veda refused to leave me entirely in the hands of another.

Well, in that week I had learned to love the little Corsican beauty with such an intense devotion that I could not bear the thought of separation. Her life had been one of trials and misfortunes. The old hag who had twice sought the life of Veda was prevented from taking my life by the timely arrival of Muggins, who had come over to the vessel in his boat just before day break to see how I was faring. Find-

the bay, and was drowned before she could be rescued by Muggins. She was the last of the Baralodo family, between whom and the Dorlos dreadful vendetta had existed, and is was to escape the vengeance of the olwoman that Veda had stowed herself aboard the Penguin, hoping to be carried to some foreign land, and thus escape the violence and death that constantly threatened her.

ing herself thwarted, she leaped into

Veda and I were married, and month later sailed for America in the Penguin with my old friend Capt. Darke, who had returned and had the vessel repaired.

Muggins was much elated over the happy ending of my attempt to "lay" his ghost, though he always declared I had made a most lucky failure, and instead of laying the ghost, I had myself been layed by it.-N. Y. Ledger.

A pessimistic German says: "If the dear God should announce from or end of the world to another that on the lst of January, from twelve to one o'clock, He would open the gates of Paradise to all who made application

at that time, the women would arrive

late, in spite of the importance of the

occasion. They would find it impos

sible to complete a satisfactory toilet

before evening." sac Smiled. Mr. Jackson (sentimentally)- Ef 1 might dar toe hope, Miss Snoflake, dat yo' wud smile upon mah suit-Miss Snoflake-Wha, shuah, Mistah Jackson. I wanted toe laff at dat suit de minnit yo' comed intoe de doah. Whar wuz de fiah?-Judge.

HOW TO CALVE WELL.

An Expert Explains the Cutting Up of Roasts and lowls.

Many ladies have to carve for large families without any or very little experience, and a little advice from an expert carver will not come amiss. It should be borne in mind, first of all. that carving is quite an art, if done is the right way. Many think if they cut joint or bird up in pieces that it is all that is required, but to carve neatly, artistically and economically, and place invitingly on the platter or dish is quite another thing.

In the first place the earver should be seated high enough to carve comfortably and with celerity. The next thing. she should be sure to have her platter large enough to hold the entire joint or bird when it is carved, so that no portion of it falls on the table. No string or skewer should be left in the meat or bird when brought to the table, unless it is a silver skewer, which is permissible. Much depends upon the way in which the viand to be carved is placed on the platter.

Large birds, such as turkeys, geese etc., should have their heads placed always to the left. Smaller birds, as partridges, grouse, etc., which are usually placed across the platter, should have their heads on the farther side A saddle of mutton should be placed with the tail end to the left of the earver; a haunch of venison or mutton. with the loin or backbone nearest the carver; a leg of mutton or veal should be placed with the thickest part up; a rib roast or sirloin roast should have the backbone at the right of the plat ter; the flesh side should be up in a round of beef, and in a sirloin beefsteak the tenderloin should be next the carver. A fillet of beef should have the thick end at the right end of the platter, and a calf's head should be placed with the face to the right. A roast pig's head should be placed to the left. and the thickest side of a roast ham should be on the farthest side of the platter.

Now for the carving, and let the point be a leg of mutton or lamb. Put the fork in the top, turn it toward you, and slice through to the bone. A saddle of mutton is always carved with the grain of the meat in long, thin slices, from each side of the back. It must be turned over to reach the tenderloin and kidney fat. The leg and saddle of venison are carved in the same way. When the legand loin are served together, the loin should be carved first. Cut off the flank first of all, and cut up in pieces; then separate the ribs; and last come

In carving a fowl it is always a good plan for the carver to first study the "uncooked" fowl very carefully, in order to get the hang of its limbs and points. When the carver finds a joint and cuts the gristle, the leg or wing is free. It is not so easy to find the side or collar bone, but that comes with prac-

To carve roast chickens the leg is first removed, then the wing, from one side and then the leg and wing from the other side, separating the joints Then the breast is carved each side next the wishbone comes off. Now separate the collar bone and shoulder blade, and the breast bone from the back, then the back from the body: then follow the side bones, and the bird is completely dissected. The reader will bear in mind the fore-

going applies correctly to all classes of fowls and birds found in the markets. -N. Y. Advertiser.

TO PREVENT BILIOUSNESS.

Americans Should Eat More Green Vegetables and Salads.

Authorities on diet believe that it would be well for most of us who are in health to eat more green vegetables with our meat and starchy foods than we do at present, says the New York Post. Indeed, some go so far as to believe that the absence from our menus of plenty of green vegetables and salads accounts for the biliousness of the American people. The best known of such plants are lettuce, beet-tops, dandelion, kale and spinach, but Mr. Colville, botanist of the United States department of agriculture, finds that there are many other palatable and healthful plants that, though rarely used, might add a pleasant variety to our list of available vegetables. One of these, "winter cress," or Barbarea proccox, which is cultivated from this city southward and is sold in large quantities in the Washington markets, is planted in late summer or early fall and needs very little cultivation. Another plant that belongs to the spinach and beet family, though it is a common weed in fields and gardens in nearly every part of the United States, is "lamb's quarters," or Chenopodium album. It is in many places commonly known either as pigweed or goosefoot, but it is not the true pigweed. The plant has a pale-bluish green color, and is used when six or eight inches high is tender, juley and pleasant to the taste. The teasing weed, the common garden "pusley," or "purslane," when boiled is also recommended as a most palatable green vegetable and can easily be had. In India, where it originated the plant has been used for hundreds of years. In Europe it is used both as a pot herb and for salads.

Not Letting Anything Get Away. "As this appears to be your first offense," said the police magistrate, kindly, "I am disposed to be lenient and make the penalty in your case merely

the payment of the costs-" "Thank you, your honor," exclaimed the grateful citizen, producing a fat pocketbook and extracting a roll of bills. "How much are the costs? 1 never was drunk before in my life, and I never will be again. Your honor may be sure you will never see me a second time in this courtroom. I-"

"Prisoner," interposed his honor, severely, with his eye on the roll of bills. "I was about to say when you interrupted me that I am disposed to be lenient in your case and to release you upon the payment of the costs, but I have a duty to perform to the public, and I feel that I am not at liberty to carry out my personal inclinations in the discharge of a public duty. I am compelled, therefore," he continued, with much sternness, "in view of all the circumstances in this case, to fine you \$40 and costs. Officer, take charge of the prisoner until the fine and costs are paid."-Chicago Tribune.

THE INSPECTOR'S LOSS.

Inspector Hookyer had served his 25 years in the detective force, and his colleagues were entertaining him at a little farewell dinner, in anticipation of his forthcoming retirement. The chairman having culogized the guest of the evening to an extent that brought a biush to the face of that case-hardened officer, the inspector rose to reply, and at the finish he said:

"The chairman has said that I never let a man slip through my fingers after I had once got on his truck, but I am sorry to say he is wrong. I am bound to acknowledge that once an offender was too elever for me."

"Tell us about it!" arose spontane oasly from almost every throat, and Inspector Hookyer, in response to the request, gave the story:

"It was a good many years ago now when I had intrusted to me a case of a young won...n named Eliza Thickbroom, who had been found dead (evidently murdered by having her throat cut) in some fields adjoining the canal near a town in Lancashire. She had been a domestic servant and was of a very retiring, staid disposition, and bore at irreproachable character. Her friend: lived in quite another part of the country, and her mistress had no knowledge of her keeping company or anything of that kind. For some tax I had con siderable difficulty in fixing the crime or any reason for it upon anyone; but at last, after a lot of inquiry, I ascertained that she had been walking out with a man named Lamprey, who lived near Stockport, in Cheshire, some 30 miles from where Eliza Thickbroom resided.

"It seemed that the girl had been in the habit of spending her boliday, when she had a day off, in going to Stockport, where Lamprey met ber, and that she had become engaged to him, but that, hearing something to his discredit, she refused to have anything more to do with him, and, so far, nothing further was known to implicate Lamorey in the crime; but I, of course, at one took the train to Stockport and proceeded to hunt up Lamprey and to make inquiries in the town where he resided.

"I knew nothing about him except his name, but from the local folice and cautious questions of one another 1 ascertained that he had been a railor of the best climbers known. "'Jack Lamprey!' cried one man to

whom I had spoken. 'Ah, he can climb, for sure, can Jack! Why, he climbed up to the very top of you steeple' (pointing to the church hard by, which had a spire remarkably tall and slender, and very hard to mount), 'After the storm had damaged the weathercock. Jack climbed up and fixed it all alone for the parson, and he refused to be paid for it!" "The num seemed to look upon Lau-

prey's refusing payment as more wonderful than his climbing the steeple and perhaps he was right. Well, b by bit, I found little things which, when pieced together, pointed unmistakably to Jack Lamprey as the murderer. He had, until recently, been seen frequently in and about Stockport with the girl, but for the last two or three months she had not been observed in his company. He had been a jolly sort of fellow, but since the girl had ceased her visits it had been noticed that he had become moody and silent, and he had taken to drink a good deal, although he had previously been a most

abstemious man. "He was away from h's lodgings on the night of the murder, and on his return early the next day he was travelstained, us if he had walked a long way. His landlady remembered that he told her he had fallen down in some chemical works where he had been on a job and had stained his clothes, and she recoffeeted that immediately after his arrival home he had busied himself brush-

ing and sponging his garments. "There was sufficient evidence to justify me in obtaining a warrant; but he was away on a job-no one knew where. exactly, except that it was somewhere near Liverpool-and it was useless for me to leave Stockport, where I had the best chance of eatching him, on a wildgoose chase to Liverpool without better information. My only course was te wait and keep quiet till he came back, which he was expected to do the

following day. "I took every precaution to prevent anyone knowing that he was 'wanted,' but some 'pal' must have got to suspec it and given him warning. The police in Liverpool had been wired to and had kept watch of all trains in the direction of Stockport, and towards the evening of the second day I received the intimation that a man resembling his description had taken the train and was on his way. Assisted by a local detective who knew the man, I watched every passenger out of the train on itarrival at Stockport, but no Jack Lamprey alighted, and, on inquiring of the guard, it seemed pretty certain that he had got out at Cheadle, a station a few miles outside Stockport.

"It was the beginning of winter and night had set in, so that it was extremely doubtful if we could follow the man but we took a train which was just go ing out of the station, and in a few minutes were at Cheadle. I there made certain that my man had got out. He had booked for Stockport and had given up his ticket; but do all we could, we could get no trace of him. He had left the station immediately on leaving the train; no one knew him, and we could find no one to tell us anything more. So. hoping perhaps to pick up a clew on the road, we walked back to Stockport and on to the town where he lived, which was a few miles the other side, but our

"We had left instructions at Stockport for Lamprey's lodgings to be watched; but by some blunder a man had not been sent there for some time. and, much to my anger and diegust, when I arrived at his house I found that La had been there, just for five minutes. his landlady said, and had left again with a bag of clothes.

"I was mightily savage, you may guess, both with myself and with the police of the place for not keeping a Letter lookout; but it was no use losing my head over it, and I at once set to work dodging his footsteps after he had left his lodgings. In the public house which he frequented I came across a man to whom I had previously

poken, who seemed to know Lample n a very distant sort of way, and ! turned the conversation on the man wanted.

"'Ah! I've just seen him,' mid the ellow, 'About an hour ago, or may har little more. He was going to Macch ield, he said, to eatch the carly train in he morning into Staffordshire, where he's got another job. He seemed in a mighty hurry, too.

"I had reason afterward to think that this man was the one who had given Lamprey warning, but whether that was so or not his information that right appeared to be correct, for 1 met several people who had seen Jack going across the fields toward Marple which was his best way of getting t ineclesfield from the place he lived n; but when I arrived at Marple station ! was at fault again, for no train had been out for quite two hours, and aithough I waited till the last train to Macelesfield had left, Lamprey did not

"Tired, and vexed beyond description I tramped back and got what rest could, honing that something mighturn up in the morning to assist me in ceovering the ground I had but, but afraid that for once I had let my quarry lip, and that I might never catch him. low that he was aware he was being tracked.

"Sure enough, the something did turn up in the morning, and something which sufirmed my fears, though I felt that I had got my raan dead, if I had missed im alive. The postman came round oon after seven, before it was quite light, and I had only just got up when toy came running with a letter, which had been delivered at the police station. It here the Marple postmark, and was addressed to 'The Detective from Lendons' "Tearing it open, I read something

"From John Lamprey. I knew you are after me, and I know what for, I managed to keep out of your way toeight, and I meant to try and get down south, but you are sure to have me, sooner or later, so I've determined to

make an end of it. Look at the church steeple when you get this to-morrow "The church steeple was a tall and prominent feature whichever way you turned, and I had only to go to the end of the street to get a full view of it. When I got there and looked up, I saw

omething that gave me a start. In

the uncertain light of the early morning

I could discern against the gray sky,

ranging by the neck to one of the iron

loops which serve for a ladder on the side of the spire, the figure of a man' "'So much for Jack Lamprey!' I seid o myself, as I hurried to the police station. 'He has saved me any more

"By the time I had been to the station and back to the church it was broad daylight, and, of course, the body hanging aloft had been seen, and a crowd had already collected, every one recognized it as Jack Lamprey.

"'A strange freak,' I remarked to the sergeant who was with me. "There was no one round Stockport who would venture up the spire, and a telegram had to be sent to Stalybridge for a man to come and get the body down. It was past midday before the steepleizek arrived, and by that time half Stockport had heard of the affair. Work was discarded, and an immense crowd collected to witness the sight. Every foot of the man's way up to the steeple was watched by thousands of eyes, and when at last he approached the swaying body of Jack Lamprey, the tongues which had been loudly wagging

were hushed as by common consent. "I shall never forget the few minutes that followed while the steeple-jack (now looking the size of a little child) made his way very cautiously close up to the body, and fixing a rope to it, made his preparations for lowering it to his assistant, who was waiting on the top of the square tower to receive it. There was something awfully sad and soleran the ti treds

"In due course the assistant received he corpse, which he let down to the ground, and everyone around me remarked that he swung it roughly to the earth, without showing the respect which might have been looked for. In fact, some actually called out: 'Shame!' "But all at once the hush which had

fallen upon the crowd was broken by a storm of jeers and laughter! The thing which had given us all this trouble was nothing but a guy! And I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"So that he might get nearly a day's start, Lamprey had eleverly missed me the night before. While I had been wasng my time at Marple he had been emdoyed in stuffing the suit of clothes which he had taken from his lodgings with straw, making a very passable representation of himself; and in the middie of the night he had climbed the steeple (which was child's play to him). and left his effigy there to deceive me and full me into inaction.

"I need not dwell upon the chaff I received. It is too painful, even now, for me to recall without annoyance, but you may be sure that I quickly made myself scarce,"

"Did the fellow get clear away?" isked some one.

"Yes. He took the train to the east oast and succeeded in getting to Holand unnoticed," replied Inspector Hookyer. "But he hanged himself in real earnest some considerable time afterward, leaving a letter behind admitting his guilt, and stating that his conscience troubled him so that he could not bear to live."-Tit-Bits.

Self-Respect.

Many people are accused of thinking too highly of themselves, but the fact is that the majority do not respect and reverence themselves enough. Even in the most secret place we should seorn to do anything that would make us less able to respect ourselves. We should be like Socrates, who used to say that there was one man of whom he was terribly afraid, and that was Socrates. Few men, and perhaps no woman, pass a glass or mirror, or even a well-polished door handle, without looking at theraselves in it. This would not be a had habit if they would reason in this way: "If I am handsome I must take care that my character corresponds; if ugly, let me be all glorious within, so that I may compensate for the plainness of my features."-Detroit Free Picss,

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LATE PICKLES.

Fruits and Vegetables Which May Be Put Up in the Fall. Long after all the fruits in the garden

ire safely put away for winter, there are said many vegetables that have scaped the frost that make excellent pickles, both sweet and sour. The green tonatics and the green musicinations are excellent for this purpose. The ripened neumber in seer and vellow age, usuly supposed to be valueless for anything but seed, makes a most delicious chowchow and a good sweet pickle. Hard wild apples, in most parts of our country the food of the cattle in the field, make one of the most delicious pickled and spiced fruits we have. liced with the slins and cores, they cake an excellent jelly. Mate this jelly est like a crab apple jelly. To spice aples, remove the stens and flowers. Prick them. For four pounds of apples, add two pounds of sugar, one ounce of the interior of whole claves and one stick of cinnamon, with a pint of vicegar. Put the apples over in a recclain-bacd Lettle. Cover them closely and let them cook until they are tender enough to be pierced with a broom splint, but not till they break

Earlierries are fit for preserving until after they are thoroughly ripened by frost. Like the persimmon of the outh, then they acquire a peculiar a fraces of flavor. Gather the barberties carefully. Unless they are very por in quality they can be gathered so. carefully from the bush that they will not need looking over for leaves. Put. them in a large porcelain-lined kettie to make jelly, with a little water to prevent them burning on the bottom. Let them come slowly to the boiling point, and cook for about 20 minutes, unt I thoroughly seftened. Strain the mice from them through a cloth into a stone pot. Mensure it. Allow a pound of sugar for every pint of juice. Boil the juice down for 20 minutes. Add the sugar, which should be heated hot in the oven, and let the mixture boil up once after the sugar is added. Then test it. It will usually be formed; if it is not, boil it a little longer and try it again. Barberries make a nice preserve, using a pound of seeded raisins to every five pounds of the fruit. They are considerable trouble to prepare and somewhat seedy, so that it is better to utilize them in jelly if you have an abun-

A chowchow of ripe cucumbers is made of firm, yellow cucumbers, peeled and choosed fine, without removing he seeds. Measure the chopped cucumbers, and to every three quarts allow a quart and a pint of white onions, also chopped fine. Mix about a cur of fine ralt with the ceretables, and par therein a course linen or cotton bag. Lay the mixture over parrow slats placed across the mouth of a small keg or barrel, and lines weights over it. In 24 hours take out the mixture. Put it into a pot, Add two ounces of white mustard seed, two recen peppers, chopped fine, and one ablespoonful of black pepper. Cover the mixture with cold vinegar, add in the mouth of the pot a few nasturtium leaves and seed and a few pieces of horseradish root.—N. Y. Tribune.

WOKE UP THE COMPANY. Pushed the Only Button He Could See and Could Not Be Blamed.

An amusing adventure recently fell to the lot of an old gentleman in a corthern town. He was asked to buy a tieliet for a fireman's ball, and goodnaturedly complied.

The next question was what to do with it. He had two servants, either of chorn would be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both his servants a pleasure.

Not knowing where the tickets were sold, he inquired of a policeman, and the officer suggested that he should go to the fire brigade station. So the old gentleman went to the station that vening, but found no one in sight.

He had never been in such a place before, and stood for a moment or two uncertain how to make his presence known. Presently he saw an electric butten on the side of the wall, and he out his thumb on it. The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. Through the ceil-

ing, down the stairs and from every

other direction firemen came running and falling, the borses rushed out of their stalls, and, in short, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly set in motion. Amid this uproar stood the innocent

old gentlemen, who did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm until the men clamored around him for information as to the locality of the fire. Then he said, mildly: "I should like to buy another ticket

for the Lall, if you please," The situation was so ludicrous that there was a shout of laughter, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and the place resumed its former quiet. Weeky Telegraph.

Tollet Novettles.

Unless you have a bit of Bohemian glass on your toilet table you have no right to flatter yourself that you are up to date. There are any number of odd-shaped

Bohemian glass salve boxes, pin trays and hair pin cases, but as yet the brush with a glass back has not been seen. Ivory toil: t articles decorated with gold are much in favor with those who can afford them. Upon a highly pol-

beautiful. The Bohemian glass pull boxes are exquisite affairs, and much less expensive than gold or silver ones. The puff looks very pretty, showing through the glass box.

ished mahogany table they look very

Toilet articles of this delicately colored glass are one of the present fads of the society woman. It is not the plain Bohemian glass that she favors but the glass that is studded with imitation j wels and wrought with gilt designs. -Chicago Record.

Prone to Error.

"He seems to be a "ittle empty in the upper story," said the one who knew him

"Beg your pardon, but you are entire-

ly wrong," said the one who knew him well. "He is full to the muzzle."

Which shows how prone to error one may be on a superficial information .-Cincinnati Enquirer.

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